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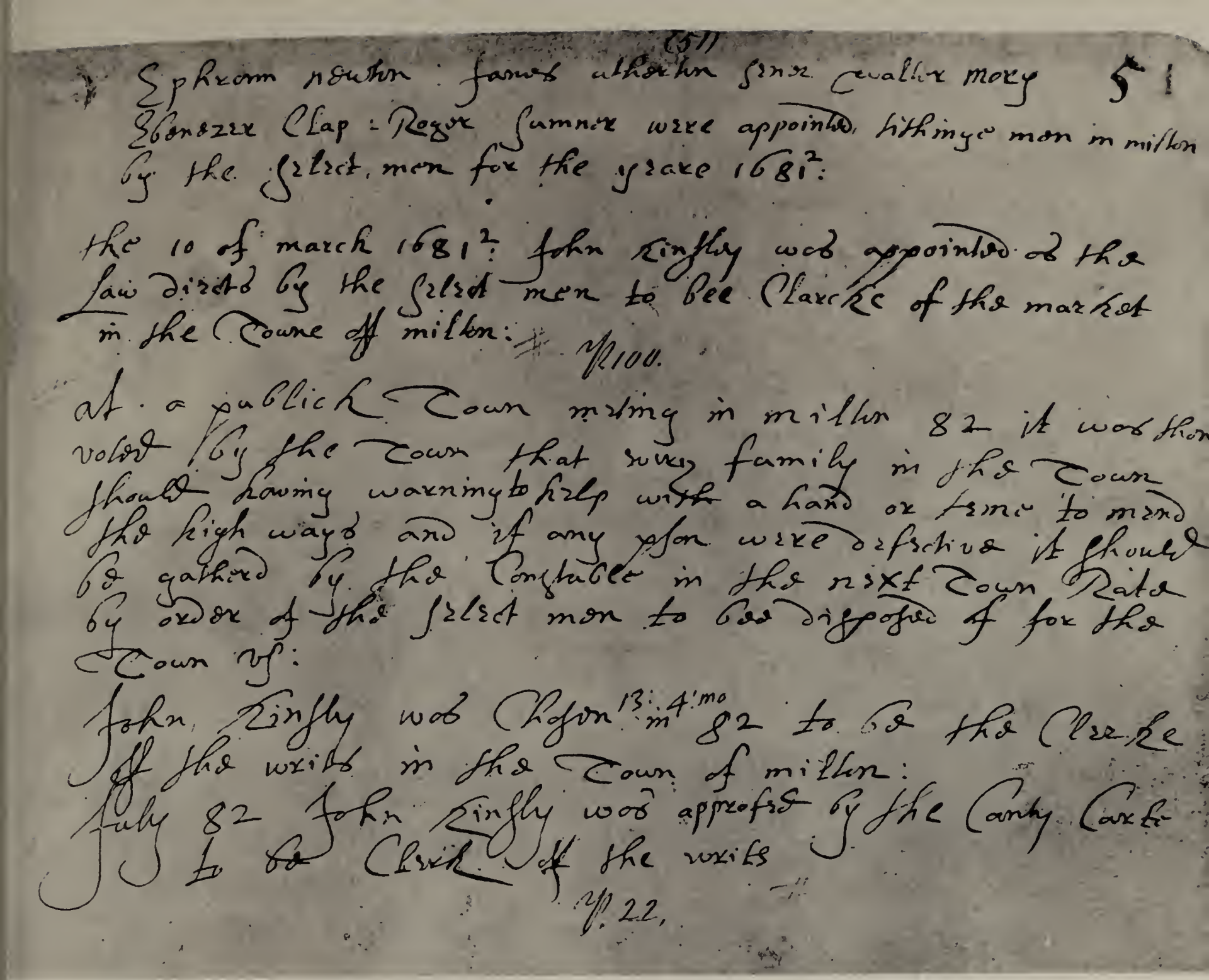
THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF

MILTON

1662 - 1962

MILTON · MASSACHUSETTS



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PAGE FROM MILTON TOWN RECORDS

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF

MILTON Mass.

1662 – 1962

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Preface

THIS little booklet has been published by the committee charged with planning the observance in 1962 of the three-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Milton. The text reproduces the spoken words of the actors in the pageant which was part of that observance.

Each impersonator in that bit of pageantry portrayed a real person who once lived in our town. Each of these former Milton residents, evoked from the past, was thus enabled to tell the townspeople of today what Milton was like in his time, and of the life and events of which he was a part. As a group they have given us a clear retrospect of Milton's three hundred years.

Also included in this booklet are a number of maps which show our town at various stages in its long history, as well as a selection of pictures of people and places as they were many years ago.

MILTON TERCENTENARY COMMITTEE

Charles F. Batchelder, Chairman
Joseph M. Cronin
Frank B. Frederick
Edward P. Hamilton
Florence L. Wall

May 1962

Cast of Characters and the Date of Which Each Speaks

Thomas Morton	1626
Kitchamakin	1636
Richard Collecot	1640
Robert Tucker	1665
Abigail Wadsworth	1680
Peter Thacher	1700
Thomas Vose	1760
Thomas Hutchinson	1774
Rachel Vose	1790
Stephen Miller	1800
John Gourgas	1810
Benjamin Crehore	1832
Terence Fitzsimmons	1841
Nathan Martin	1860
Mary A. Cunningham	1900
A. Lawrence Rotch	1910
Charles S. Pierce	1948
Charles F. Batchelder	1962

Thomas Morton, 1626

I AM Thomas Morton, gentleman, once a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, London, but later a fur trader at Wollaston on Boston Bay. I hear that history has been unkind to me, and makes me out a drunkard and a scoundrel, but remember that that history was written by those canting hypocrites of Plymouth and Boston. They did their drinking behind locked doors. I used to hunt a great deal in the Milton region (the Indians called it Unquity) during the 1620's, and it was a fine country, full of game. The turkeys were so common that I got tired of eating them. The land was not all forest; many parts of it were largely open country, much like the parks of the gentry in Old England. The Indians used to burn the underbrush every year for their plantings, so there were many fields, often with great trees scattered through them. Of course there also were swamps and thickets, but newcomers to the region were always surprised to find that the wilderness they had expected scarcely existed at all. It was wonderful country, and nearly empty except for the wild animals that abounded, for almost all the Indians had died in the great plague a few years before.

Kitchamakin, 1636

MY brother Chickataubut was chief of the Neponset tribe of Indians, but smallpox killed him, and now I am the chief. He did not like the white men much, but I get along with them finely, and I have just sold to the men of Dorchester most of our land south of the Neponset River. We do not need it for there are not many of my people

INDIAN WIGWAMS One is covered with grass mats lashed down with cords, while the bark covering of the other is held in place

left. I have about threescore in my tribe, and there are about as many more living along the north shore of Boston Bay. All the rest died in the great sickness twenty years ago, and there are no other of my race nearer than three day's travel to the west. We Neponset Indians spend the summer near the lower falls of our river where we catch quantities of fish of all kinds, and in winter we build our wigwams, made of frames of sticks covered with grass mats and skins, back in the Blue Hills, where there are lots of rabbits and deer. Sometimes we do a little work for the white men, but we do not do much, and the days to come will take care of themselves.

Richard Collecot, 1640

MY name is Collecot, Richard Collecot. I was a member of the Dorchester Company that was formed in England and came here to settle along Boston Bay. We had title to all the land from there south to the Providence Plantation, save for what the Pilgrims of Plymouth held. But no white man lived there for many years, except along the shore of the Bay. In 1634 my good friend Israel Stoughton built a grist-mill on the lower falls of the Neponset, and the place became known as Unquity, and then later as Milton, but do not ask me why. Perhaps the name came from Old England or perhaps it was because of the mill. Stoughton and I went to war together in 1637 to quiet the Pequot Indians. He was the commander, and I was the supply officer of the expedition. We got some Indian slaves, and I was lucky enough to get one for myself, a nice little squaw. Most of my time I spend trading with the Indians for furs. Sometimes I go as far south as Cape Cod, but there is not much fur left in these regions today, and I have to travel farther afield. When Stoughton built his mill, he put up a bridge over the river, and that same year I started the first house in Unquity, very near where your Adams and Centre Streets of today come together. At first I did

not live there much, but kept a servant or two to look after the place. My Dorchester house was my base, but I was always on the move in those days, and did much trading in the regions you now call Maine. I had a little shallop which I sailed down along the coast. But I also owned quite a lot of land in Unquity and lived there for a while in my later years, and then finally moved to Boston.

A few years after I built my little house John Glover started his farm near what you now call Turner's Pond (you really should call it Glover's Pond, you know) and he had a big farm there with many cattle. All the cows of the Dorchester people also used to be pastured in Milton just south of the Neponset. Early every morning the town cowherds blew their horns and everyone turned his cows out into the street. The cowherds drove them over the river into the pasture land, watched them all day, and brought them back at night. Of course there were wolves in those days, but they prowled the Blue Hills and kept away. Besides they were scary beasts and would never hurt a man, although a lamb or a stray calf would almost certainly fall prey to them if it wandered away after dark.

Robert Tucker, 1665

I AM Robert Tucker, a farmer on Brush Hill, and the house I built is still standing there. I came to Milton in 1663, a year after it was set off from Dorchester by the General Court and became a separate town, but there was not much settlement here in those days. A rough little road went from the gristmill bridge up over Milton Hill, the Bay Path to Plymouth, and what you today call Canton Avenue ran to the west as far as Glover's Pond. Our little meetinghouse stood on Milton Hill, where your Churchill's Lane branches off, but it was a simple little building, of boards with a roof of thatch. It was at about that time that we stopped making roofs of thatch, for they caught fire too easily. I lived way up on Brush Hill, but I got down to the other part of town quite

PEAK HOUSE, MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The best known example of the first type of permanent housing built by the earliest settlers. The very sharp roof indicates that it probably was originally thatched. (Soc. Pres. N. E. Antiquities)

OYSTER SHELL DREDGED FROM NEPONSET RIVER

"The oisters be great ones in form of a shoo horn—"

ROBERT TUCKER HOUSE

The oldest house still standing in Milton, it represents the second and more ambitious type of house construction.

often. There was not a great deal there, and most of the people lived along the road over Milton Hill. Their houses were usually two stories high, clapboarded but without paint. The newer ones had roofs of shingles. The barns were pretty small, almost what you now would call sheds. Pigs ran loose everywhere, with board collars around their necks or big rings in their noses so they would not root up the crops. The old Indian fields were pasture land for sheep, cows, and horses. There were not many of us in those days when we first became a town, perhaps 250 in all, man, woman, and child, and some twoscore houses were scattered over the town.

We had a little meetinghouse, as I said before, but at that time there was no regularly organized church in the town, a most unusual condition, because the General Court insisted that no town should be incorporated unless it had its own church. We had a temporary minister most of the time, but some of us still went to the Dorchester meetinghouse on Sundays.

I was lucky with my farm and all went well, so that I guess you would say that I was pretty prosperous for the times. Anyway only a few men

paid a larger town tax than I did. We grew barley and rye, but mostly Indian corn, and we had all sorts of vegetables, with lots of peas, excellent for a hearty soup in winter. There were still lobsters to be found on the Neponset flats at low tide, and clams were so plentiful that we often fed them to our swine. Sometimes we ate the alewives that swarmed up our brooks and the river, but mostly we used them for fertilizer. The wolves still howled in the Blue Hills, but they never bothered my stock, and the wolf pits we dug near where you now have an M.D.C. skating rink kept them pretty well thinned out.

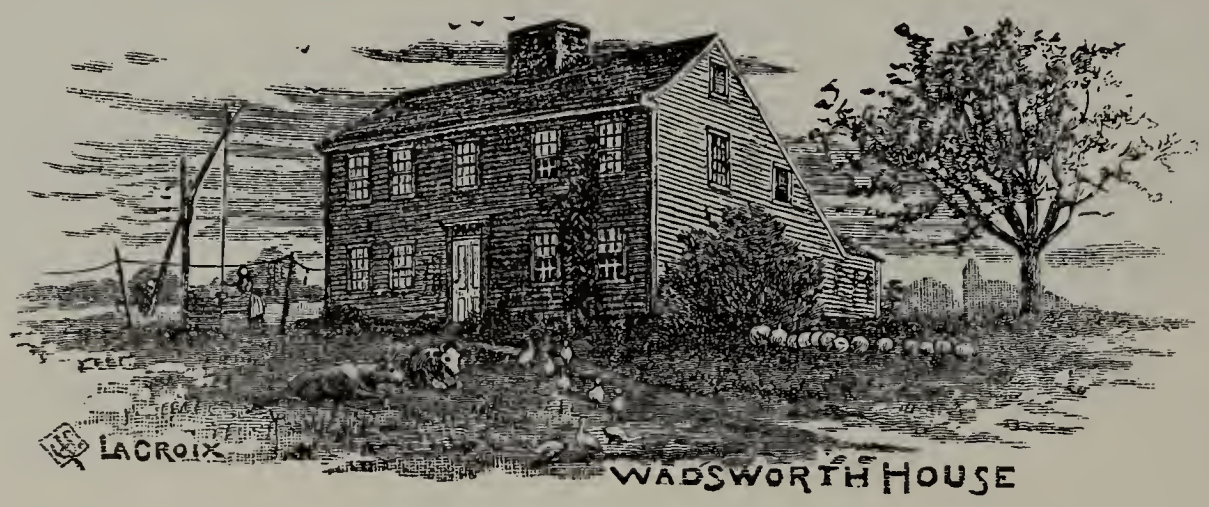
All in all we led a happy life here in Milton. There was plenty still to do, more land to clear, stone walls to build, and roads to mend, but there also was a little leisure and chance to enjoy the fruit of our toil.

Abigail Wadsworth, 1680

I AM Abigail Wadsworth, widow. My husband, Captain Samuel Wadsworth, was killed in the Indian war four years ago. We had always thought that the Indians were our friends, and some of them lived in our houses as servants, but that wicked King Philip stirred them up and they tried to kill us all. Samuel had always been one of the leading men in Milton since we moved here in 1656. He held many town offices and was a selectman for the last six years of his life. When the Indian war started, Samuel was made captain of a company raised in these parts and he was away on active service on the frontier all that winter of 1675–76. I hardly saw him at all. Late in April the Indians raided Marlborough and Samuel marched his company there. Then the Indians turned on Sudbury, and the company rushed there to head them off, but they were ambushed on the way, and Samuel and half the company were all killed.

Not many Milton men went off to this war. Sergeant Robert Badcock went and so did Selectman Thomas Swift, but most remained at home to guard the town, for Indians raided almost into Milton, although they

never quite got here. They murdered people in Braintree, you call it Quincy today, and in Weymouth. So we kept our doors barred and our guns ready at hand. There were hard times for all of us after the war, but three of my six boys were big enough to keep the farm going and we made out.



Peter Thacher, 1700

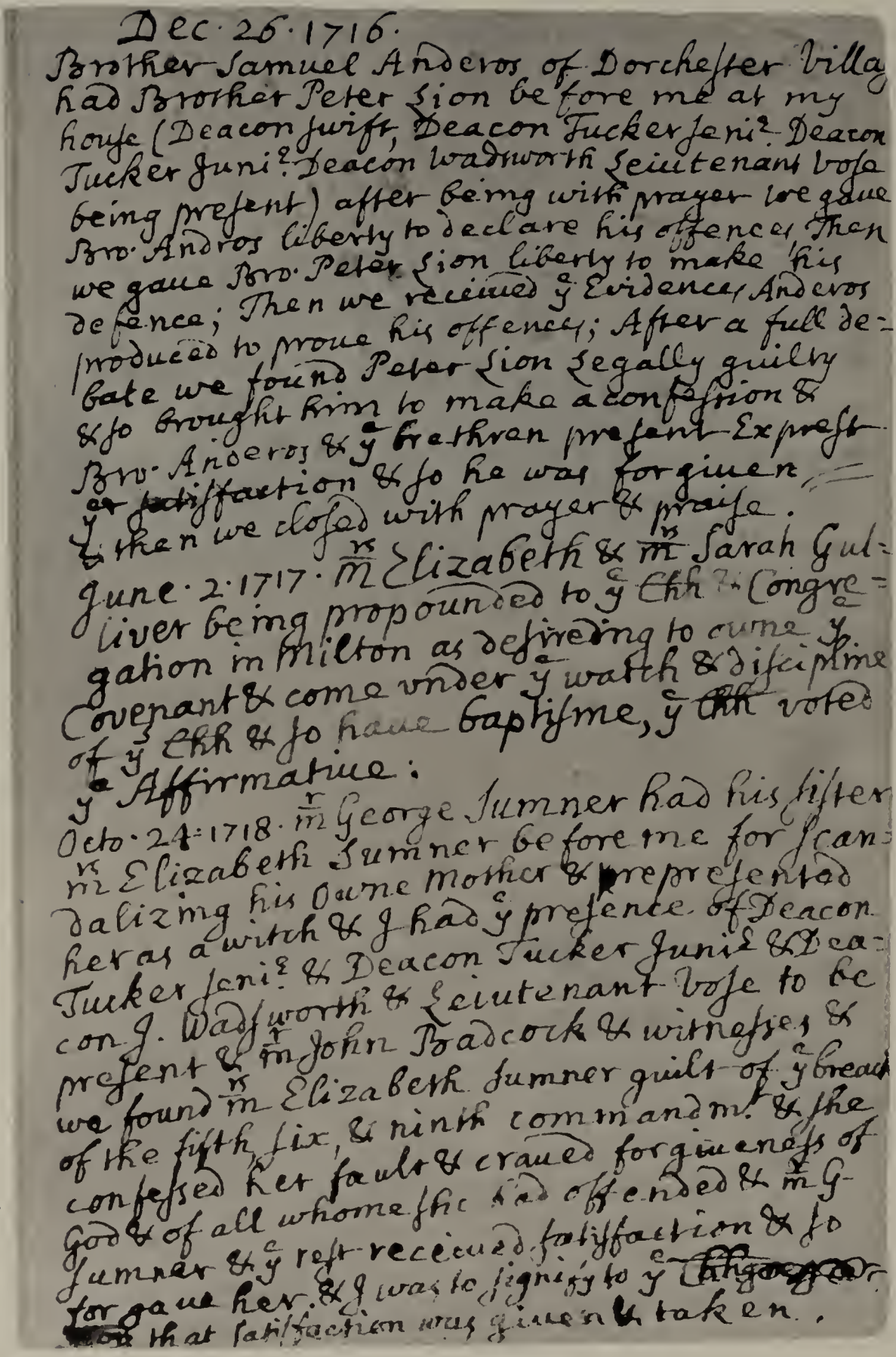
I AM the Reverend Peter Thacher, the first regular minister to the good people of Milton. Of course there were ministers before me, but they were only temporary and there was no regular organized church until I came here in 1680 from Barnstable on Cape Cod. I found a pleasant little town with about 400 people in it. A new meetinghouse had recently been built on Vose's Lane, near what you now call Centre Street, and the old one on Milton Hill was being used for a school. There was quite a sizable little settlement at the lower falls of the Neponset, where there had long been a gristmill, and a gunpowder mill and a fulling mill to process our woolen homespuns have since been added. They are talk-

ing of putting up a sawmill also. Down on the edge of the marshes the Badcocks are building an occasional ocean-going ship in their boat yard, and many smaller ones. But there really is no one village, my people are scattered all over the township. Most of them live in the eastern part, although I myself built a house a few years ago on the plains south of the upper falls of the river. Today you call it Mattapan.

Of course everyone comes to church on Sunday. They like to listen to my sermons, for it gives them something to think about, a change from the everyday life of the farm. They really no longer have to come, for the rigid old way of Puritan life has greatly changed for the better, and new sects, like the Baptists, are now allowed to worship in peace. An Anglican church has just been established next door in Braintree. But the Milton people all come to our meetinghouse on Sunday, both morning and afternoon. Most bring their lunch with them, and the nooning time is a great social occasion. Our farms are scattered all over town, and this is the one day in the week when we can all get together, for worship certainly, but also, we all know, for gossip as well, and a general good time. I would not have it any other way, for I like a little pleasure myself, perhaps hunting deer in the Blue Hills, bowling on the green, or playing on my bull fiddle in the evening for a few friends, and then smoking my pipe while we all sip some of the cordial I make in my little still.

Probably I should not say it, but I must be honest and tell you that I am a wealthy man, probably the richest in the town and not at all dependent on the salary the town pays me as minister. Most of this comes in what we call "country pay", meat, corn, and vegetables, all products of the soil. Hard coin is always scarce in the colony. I operate a good-sized farm, and I have horses, cows, sheep, and swine, with two black slaves to help me run it, and another in the house to assist Mistress Thacher. Sometimes I import goods from England for sale in Boston, and at times I export some of my horses to the West Indies for sale there.

We still hear the wolves howling in the Blue Hills, but there are not many left. Traps and wolf pits got rid of most of them. One of my old friends, a man named Pitcher, once missed some of his vegetables, so he dug himself a big wolf pit and carefully covered it over. Next morning



Dec. 26. 1716.
Brother Samuel Anderos of Dorchester Villa
had Brother Peter Lion before me at my
house (Deacon Swift, Deacon Tucker Seni.r Deacon
Tucker Juni.r Deacon Wadsworth Leiutenant Vose
being present) after being with prayer we gaue
Bro. Andros liberty to declare his offences, Then
we gaue Bro. Peter Lion liberty to make his
defence; Then we receiued ye Evidences Anderos
produced to proue his offences; After a full de-
bate we found Peter Lion Legally guilty
& so brought him to make a confession &
Bro. Anderos & ye brethren present Exprest
~~or satisfaction~~ & so he was forgiuen,
& then we closed with prayer & praise.
June. 2. 1717. mrs Elizabeth & mrs Sarah Gul-
liver being propounded to ye Chh & Congre-
gation in Milton as desireing to owne ye
Covenant & come vnder ye watch & discipline
of ys Chh & so haue baptisme, ye Chh voted
ye Affirmatiue:
Octo. 24. 1718. mr George Sumner had his sister
mrs Elizabeth Sumner before me for scan-
dalizing his Owne mother & represented
her as a witch & I had ye presence of Deacon
Tucker Seni.r & Deacon Tucker Juni.r & Dea-
con J. Wadsworth & Leiutenant Vose to be
present & mr John Badcock & witnesses &
we found mrs Elizabeth Sumner guilt of ye breach
of the fifth, six, & ninth commandm.t & she
confessed her fault & craued forgiueness of
God & of all whome she had offended & mr G.
Sumner & ye rest receiued satisfaction & so
forgaue her. & I was to signify to ye ~~Chh~~
~~[illegible]~~ that satisfaction was giuen & taken.

PAGE OF RECORDS OF MILTON CHURCH
The handwriting is that of Rev. Peter Thacher.

he found one of his neighbors caught in it, and the man ever afterwards was nicknamed "Pitcher's Wolf".

Life is pleasant here in Milton, and my people are prosperous and happy, with all the trials and hard times that followed King Philip's War now well behind us. The road into Boston is quite good and I often go to town to the Thursday lecture, what you might call a prayer meeting, do a little shopping perhaps, and come back before nightfall. Or sometimes I spend the night with my old classmate Judge Sewall, while we discuss a few weighty matters as well as some of the pranks of our college days.

Thomas Vose, 1760

I AM Captain Thomas Vose, captain because three years ago I led a troop of horse off to war when we heard that Ft. William Henry on Lake George was besieged by the French. But we were too late; the fort fell before we got there, and the Indians massacred many of our soldiers.

My house is on the Stoughton Road at what you now call Atherton Street and my farm covers over a hundred acres. I am not among the rich men of the town, such as Samuel Miller, who owns 900 acres and has five negro slaves, but we are comfortable and live well. Often I have the teacher of the West School, which is just down the road, boarding here. I have just helped my boy Daniel set up a partnership with his cousin, Joe Fenno, to start a store at the lower falls village. There is getting to be quite a little settlement there now. The gunpowder mill blew up a few years ago, but the paper mill is doing well, and there are also two fulling mills and a snuff mill, as well as the old gristmill that has always been there. It is a busy place these days. Then there are the mills at the upper falls at Mattapan, where the slitting mill cuts iron bars into the small rods out of which they make nails. There are about 700 people living in Milton, in 115 houses, and there are in all 14 slaves, 179 horses, 176 oxen, 388 cows, and 1,359 sheep.

Thomas Hutchinson, 1774

I AM Thomas Hutchinson, late his Majesty's governor of Massachusetts Bay. I am not really a Milton man, Boston has been my home, but my summer cottage on Milton Hill has, since 1743, been the place I loved the best. Now I must leave it all and cross the seas to England, but I shall come back after the present disturbances are over. General Gage has relieved me as governor, and I think that when I am in England I can help smooth out the difficulties between the home country and the colonies that have been plaguing us so much the last few years. If only my King could see a little more clearly the point of view of my people, and they in turn would realize that it was only fair and just that they should pay some tax to help protect the empire and themselves. Men in England are taxed far more than they are here. But Sam Adams and his Liberty Boys have stirred things up so much that logic and common sense are forgotten. Men of reason face difficult days ahead. I shall do all that I can to reconcile my country and my King.

Rachel Vose, 1790

I WAS born Rachel Smith. My father was Jeremiah Smith, who came to this country from Northern Ireland over sixty years ago. When the paper mill was built at the lower falls, he moved to Milton to manage it for the proprietors, but he soon bought out their interest and became the sole owner. It was the first paper mill built north of Philadelphia and it was the training school for many of the men who later set up mills elsewhere in these parts. My husband Daniel owns the mill now, as well as the little distillery, but his main business is that of wholesale merchant supplying the storekeepers of the Neponset Valley with their goods. He is the leading businessman of Milton.

It was here in my house in the village at the lower mills that the Suffolk Resolves were signed by the members of the county convention

THE SUFFOLK RESOLVES HOUSE As it formerly stood in the Village.

in the fall of 1774, and then Paul Revere rushed them to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress, where they made a big stir. You can talk all you want about the Declaration of Independence, but I say that the Suffolk Resolves were what started the whole thing, and they were voted and signed right here in my house.

Daniel was lieutenant of one of the companies of Minute Men, but they never got to the Concord fight, they had too far to go. Then he was captain of an artillery company during the siege of Boston, but that was all the military service he did. Many other Milton men served in the war at one time or another, but after the British left Boston, the war became pretty far away, and we had quite a struggle to keep things going during the hard times that followed.

The town has grown a lot since I knew it as a girl. They built the new meetinghouse four years ago on the Canton Road on the hill near the

road that goes to Thacher's Plain. We had a great time when they auctioned off the pews. Daniel got a good one, but he had to pay a lot for it. All the town, except for the poor rocky land in the Blue Hills, is now taken up by farms. There must be at least 1,200 people here these days, and the road over Milton Hill is a busy one all day long.

BADLAM MIRROR

This painting, supposed to have been made by Gen. Badlam, shows part of Milton Village just before 1800. The view is south and east and Milton Hill should (but does not) show in the background. In center foreground on the Dorchester side is shown the first fire engine house, while beyond it at the extreme left is the old paper mill. One of the small buildings in center background is Daniel Vose's distillery, and under the arch appears John Lillie's shop.

Stephen Miller, 1800

I AM Colonel Stephen Miller, and I now live in New Brunswick. You may call me a Tory, but I say that I am a loyal Englishman. My grandfather had the old inn on Milton Hill, and he did very well with it. My father, Samuel Miller, who lived on top of Tucker Hill, where your Hillside Street joins the road to what you now call Randolph, was almost the richest man in Milton. He was selectman and moderator of town meeting for many years, and so was I until I had to choose between

my King and my home. After I left Milton all my possessions were confiscated by the rebels, as were those of the rest of the loyalists who quit the town. I know now that if I had remained in Milton and paid the special taxes assessed on the loyalists I could have kept my property. James Murray was certainly a loyalist, but his daughter, who married the Reverend John Forbes, lived on their Brush Hill estate right through the war and was not troubled by the rebels. Old Mrs. Foye, whom everyone knew as true to her King, kept her property, and her daughter lives there today.

John Gourgas, 1810

I AM John Mark Gourgas, a native of Switzerland, but I lived in England for many years and became interested in Dr. Jenner's work on vaccination against smallpox. I arrived in Milton in 1803, and became friends with Dr. Amos Holbrook, who had married Daniel Vose's daughter Patience. He also had heard of Jenner's work and had even vaccinated a few people with the cowpox virus. You today have no idea what a curse smallpox was. If you lived, you usually were defaced for life. Of course you could gain immunity through getting inoculated with the disease by infecting yourself with scrapings from one who had it. You would hope for a light attack, and you probably would come through all right, and not be marked much. But it was an unpleasant business, while Dr. Jenner's method was entirely safe, effective, and free from any ill effects except for an arm that might be sore for a few days. Holbrook and I finally got the idea of vaccinating everybody in Milton who had not had smallpox, and our chance came in 1809 when a serious outbreak of the disease occurred in a nearby town. In July a special town meeting was called to consider wholesale vaccination of everyone. I won't say anything of the preparatory work behind the scenes by Dr. Holbrook, Edward Robbins, and others of us, but in August the town voted to go ahead with the project. We organized the whole township into areas and

set up committees of volunteers who brought the people to several different vaccination centers on successive days. When we had finished we believed that there was only a score of people in the whole town who had not either been vaccinated or had already had the disease. They tell me that this was the first organized health improvement undertaking ever carried out in all America, and we of course were greatly pleased when before long all the other towns in the State were following our lead.

Benjamin Crehore, 1832

I AM Ben Crehore, mechanic. I can make almost anything from an artificial leg to a piano or a power loom here in my little shop in Neponset Village at the lower falls in Milton. Today they are starting to call it Milton Village. It is a busy place with all its mills, woolen, paper, chocolate, grist, saw, and the dye and drug grinding mill. Then there are the paper mills at the upper falls at Mattapan, and the cotton mill and machine shop where Pine Tree Brook comes into the Neponset. Several people in Town, such as Artemas Kennedy and Josiah Bent, are baking water crackers and this has grown into quite a business.

The village covers both banks of the Neponset and much of it is on the Dorchester side, but we really feel that we are all one village, even if we do go to different town meetings. Another center has recently grown up in Milton, the East Village, where the Granite Railway, the first railway built in America, crosses the road that goes south over Milton Hill and on to the South Shore. The railway was built to carry granite for the Bunker Hill Monument from the quarries in Braintree down to tidewater where Gullivers Brook empties into the Neponset. Then barges carried the stone on to Charlestown. The quarries are very active these days, and some have been opened up here in Milton. So you can see what a busy town we have become. We may not be very big, for we have only about 1,600 people, but we are growing.

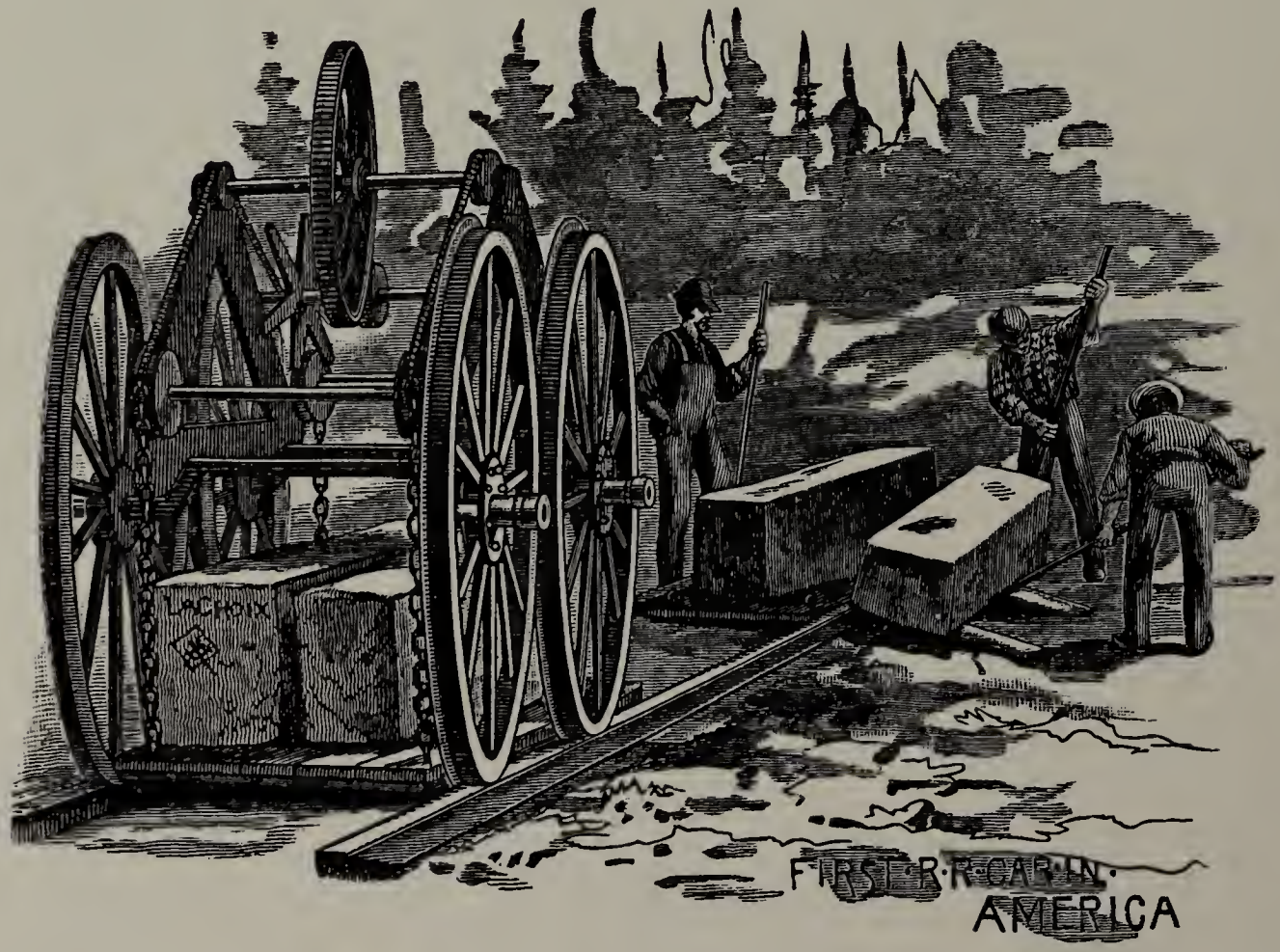
There are some pretty rich men in Milton today, such as Lawyer Asaph Churchill, Caleb Hobart, the meat and wool dealer, and General

EAST MILTON SQUARE, ABOUT 1860 Looking toward Quincy. Granite Railroad car is crossing Adams Street.

Moses Whitney with his tannery. These men all made their money in business or the law, but Squire Nat Tucker up on Hillside Street is a really wealthy farmer with hundreds of acres of land and investments in banks, turnpikes, and shipping, as well as many thousands loaned out on mortgages.

Some Boston people come out here for a while in summer and several families now take in summer boarders. Madame Forbes, the widow of Ralph Forbes, whose mother was Dorothy Murray of Brush Hill, spends her summers in the house on Milton Hill her son Captain Robert Forbes built for her, and I think that soon she will live here the year round.

There is quite a squabble going on in our church these days. A lot of people want to make it Unitarian, and there have been one or two attempts of some of them to break away and set up another church. So far this has not gotten anywhere, but it looks now as though there would soon be a split in the old parish.



Terence Fitzsimmons, 1841

I AM Father Fitzsimmons, and I have just established the first Catholic parish in this region. We meet in the old Stone Church in Granite Village, East Milton they are starting to call it, but we are planning to build our own church next year. We really are a mission of the South Boston parish, and my parishioners live all over the South Shore, even as far away as Plymouth. So you can well see that I have a big area to cover in my visits to my people.

MILTON VILLAGE IN 1865
Looking up the hill from the bridge.

Nathan Martin, 1860

I AM Nathan Martin, postmaster in Milton. I keep a store on Adams Street in the village, but I first came here as a schoolteacher half a century ago. So I have seen many changes in the town in my time. Milton Academy was chartered by the Commonwealth in 1798, and it was intended to be a sort of high school for all of Norfolk County. It did not work out that way however, and the Academy really became the town high school, although there usually were a few out-of-town scholars who boarded with some of the Milton families. The school building was up on the little hill in back of the Unitarian Church.

We always used to have town meeting in the old meetinghouse, but after the Unitarians took over the parish they would not let the town meet there any longer, so we built a one-story town hall alongside the church. The people of the parish who remained Congregationalists built their new church on the other side of the town hall, and this became in many ways the center of the town. About 2,700 people live in Milton today.

A great event in our history was the coming of the railroad to the village in 1847. The paper mills needed a better way of shipping their product, and the chocolate business was starting to grow. The first chocolate had been made here in town just before the Revolution, but the business never amounted to much, although several people engaged in it at one time or another. Dr. James Baker started making chocolate in 1780 and his son Walter carried on the business until his death a few years ago. Then Henry L. Pierce, Daniel Vose's great-grandson, took over the little factory. It has now grown very considerably and Henry is starting to make it the biggest business in Milton.

Today we can go into Boston in half an hour, and some people go to town every day to their work. If you want to save a little money and are not in a great hurry, the Dorchester Avenue horse-car line will also take you into the city. Several Boston men have built summer places here in Milton, and John M. Forbes now lives here all the time, riding to his Boston office on horseback every day.

CHILDREN AT THE CENTER SCHOOL, 1885

Mary A. Cunningham, 1900

I AM Mary Cunningham, daughter of Ralph B. Forbes, and my brothers were John M. Forbes and Captain Robert B. Forbes. I have lived here on Milton Hill for over eighty years and have seen many changes in the town. The country village of my girlhood has become a suburb of Boston, with most of the people working in the city. The trains run into town from the village every hour, and there are others from East Milton and Readville, where the Brush Hill people go. It is very easy to run into the city for dinner or the theater and to get back home again that evening. Many Boston people who first had summer places here have found that it also is a good place in winter, and they now live here all the year round. As a result of this influx Milton has become a very wealthy town with many big estates. Henry L. Pierce died a few years ago, but his great chocolate mills were sold to a corporation formed by Milton residents. They are flourishing today and give employment to many Milton and Dorchester people. Mr. Pierce made a great fortune and left most of it to Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Museum of Fine Arts.

I am all alone in the world today and so in my will I have left my money to the people of Milton. I have chosen three trustees to administer the trust, and I have given them a free hand as to how they spend the income. We have talked it over at various times, and I think that they will probably establish a park, with a gymnasium, tennis courts, and bowling alleys. Thus my money should give health and pleasure to the residents of Milton for a great many years to come. Perhaps they will call it Cunningham Park.

I must say a word about that great and good man, my brother John. He made a great deal of money in the China trade, and later in railroads and other such undertakings, and he was always most generous with it, but almost always secretly, so that few people realized the extent of his charities and his assistance to others. He was an abolitionist, but not an extreme one, and his services to the Union during the Civil War were of great value to the country.

MILTON VILLAGE Looking north down the hill in about 1900.

BLUE HILL AVENUE, ABOUT 1890
Looking south toward junction with Brush Hill Road.

KERRIGAN'S CORNER View from roof of High School in about 1910. Note the open trolley car—they were most pleasant in summer.

EAST MILTON SQUARE
Looking toward Quincy, about 1915.

My other brother, Robert, loved the sea. When only seven, he and his mother were on a vessel captured by a British frigate, and, when a French ship was sighted, the lad was allowed to fire one of the British cannon at the enemy. He went to sea at thirteen, and captained his own ship before he was twenty. Some ten years later he became a merchant in the China trade. He was one of the solid men of Boston, but more adventurous than most, for he kept up his love for salt water, volunteered as captain of the relief ship which in 1847 carried food from Boston to an Ireland starving from the potato famine, and as an old man shot buffalo on our western plains.

A. Lawrence Rotch, 1910

MY NAME is Rotch and I study clouds and the weather. My people were from New Bedford, but my father started coming here in summer nearly sixty years ago and began to operate an experimental farm as a hobby. He and a friend were the first to bring Jersey cattle to America.

I became much interested in weather and the upper atmosphere while studying at the Institute of Technology. As soon as I graduated in 1884 I established the Blue Hill Observatory so that serious study could be undertaken in this field. Until that time the science of meteorology had made little progress, and its study was limited to what could be learned from ground observations of temperature, humidity, and wind direction and velocity.

We started our work by measuring the altitude and movement of the various kinds of clouds, and then I got the idea of using kites to carry recording instruments up into the clouds themselves. Except for a few balloon ascensions almost no observations had ever been made of upper-air temperatures and humidities. We devised a special form of box kite to carry our instruments, and we succeeded in getting them up as high as three miles. The kite string was a fine steel piano wire, and several

MR. ROTCH AND WEATHER BALLOON
About 1895

kites were generally ganged together. Sometimes a string of kites would break loose and drag the wire over an electric power line and blow out the fuses in the power station. Once the wire got tangled in the driving wheel of a locomotive and finally stopped the train!

Fortunately for my work my father left me quite well off and I was able to finance the operation of the observatory, as well as to travel very considerably in Europe while continuing my studies of meteorology.

Later on we used small free balloons to carry our instruments. They of course could ascend much higher than our kites, but many were never recovered and the data was lost. Perhaps some day we can make a very light wireless set that will send the data back as it is recorded. The work we did here in Milton, particularly our kite observations of the upper atmosphere, was of great help in advancing the world's knowledge of weather behavior and the movement of the upper air masses.

Charles S. Pierce, 1948

I AM Charles Pierce, and I have lived in Milton all my life. For over a quarter century the town elected me moderator, and as a boy I used to go to town meeting and watch my father serve in the same office. So you can well see that I must know something about the town and its government over the years. My lifetime has seen many changes. When I was a small boy one got around town either on foot or in some sort of horse-drawn vehicle, but the bicycle was just coming in, and the last year of the old century saw the first streetcar line in Milton. In the early days of the 1900's most people used the streetcar lines daily. A network of them covered all this region, and one could go to the North Shore or to Cape Cod with ease. The Village, the town hall and churches, Cunningham Park, East Milton, and Mattapan were all brought close together by the electric streetcar. The great growth of the use of the automobile and changing times eventually put an end to streetcars in Milton shortly after the first World War, but they had served a most useful purpose.

The really great change came to Milton after 1929, when the shadow of the coming depression began to be seen. Soon some of the larger estates became available to the speculative builder, and at the same time the new rapid transit system gave an added inducement to city people to move to Milton. They soon poured in. The remains of the old sub-

PICNIC ON BLUE HILL IN THE GAY NINETIES

urban village disappeared, and Milton became largely a bedroom town for those who worked in Boston.

Of course my particular interest was always that of following the development of our town government and doing what I could to improve it. The moderator is in a position where much can be done to promote good government, if he thinks of his position only as one of opportunity for serving the town, and not as just a step toward his own political advancement. The great expansion of the services furnished by the local government has added many duties to those originally carried out by the selectmen and a few other officials. Some of these former duties, and some that did not previously exist, are now carried out by committees of citizens who devote a part of their time to serving the town without pay. Some are elected, but many are required by law or by the vote of

the town to be appointed by the moderator. Most people perhaps think that all the moderator has to do is to run the annual town meeting, but actually, if he does a really conscientious job, he will spend much time and many evenings in deciding what people should be put on the various committees that he must appoint each year.

I believe that New England town government is the best form of local government there is. Once a year the voters assemble to elect their officers, to instruct them where necessary, to vote the amounts of money to be spent, and hence to assess their own taxes upon themselves. It is the only remaining form of government in which the voter still exercises direct control. Growth of the town forced a change in 1928 from the old open town meeting to one composed of a limited number of elected voting representatives, and with all citizens remaining free to have their say in the meeting. Despite this change the spirit of the old Milton town meeting has been preserved unchanged. I hope that Milton will always retain its present form of government.

EDWARD P. HAMILTON

Charles F. Batchelder, 1962

I AM Charles Batchelder, and I am Chairman of our Tercentenary Committee. I came to Milton thirty years ago because I liked the town, and I am one of those whom the late Charles Pierce appointed to the Warrant Committee. For over twenty years I have served the town in various capacities and have made many friends through the simple process of working with them on numerous town projects. These friendships have been my chief reward for my public efforts. My work with the large group of men and women who have helped to set up and run this tercentenary observance has further broadened my circle of friendships, and has deepened my appreciation of a community where so many citizens of diverse interests share the common interest of the good of the town. To them I express the thanks of the town.

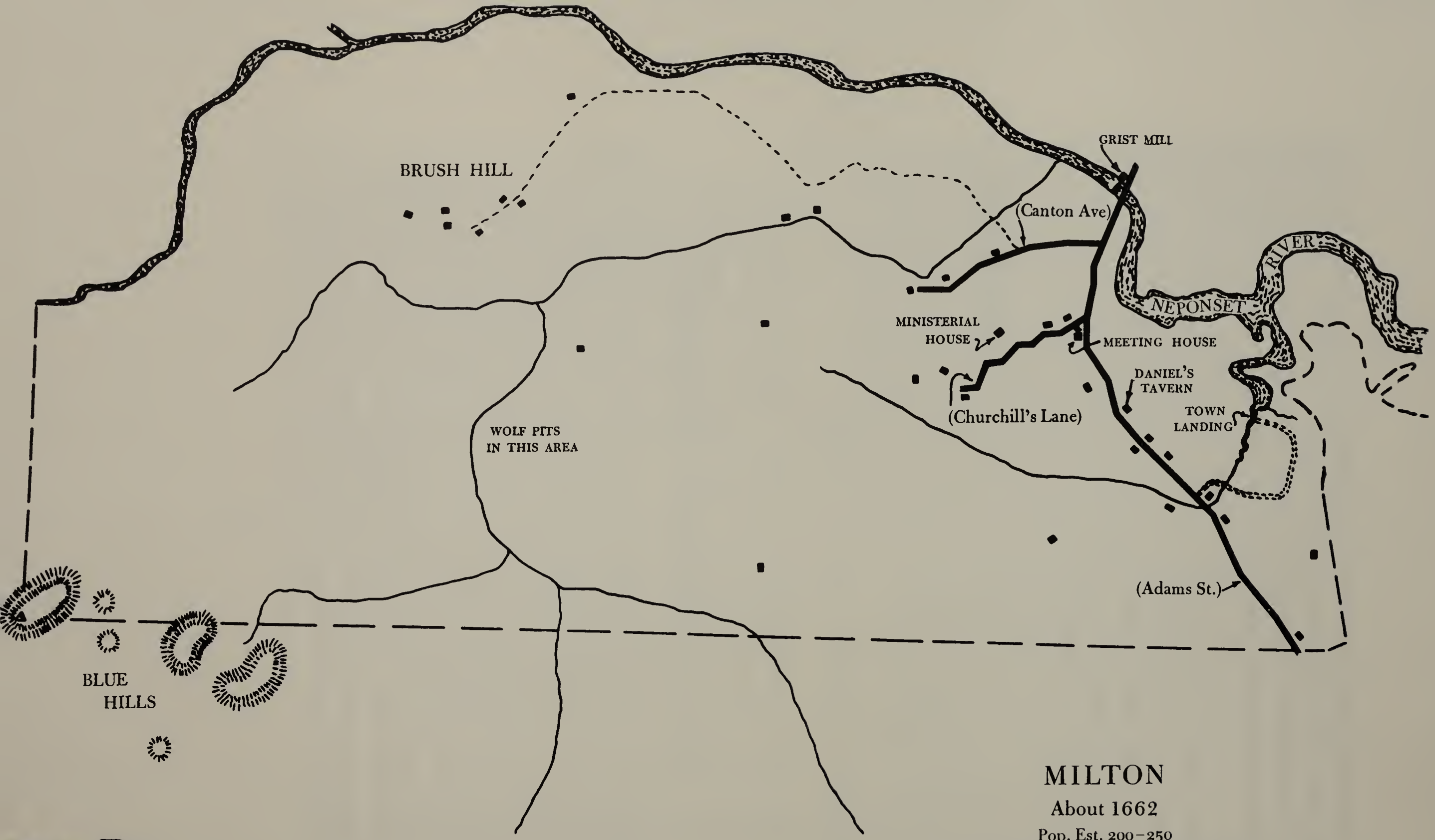
What you have just seen and heard might be called a series of ghostly flashbacks. Through these "ghosts" we have tried to tell the town's story in brief and simple form. I appear before you as the living representative of the town in its three-hundredth year. I will not inflict upon you any ghostly and fleeting statistics of the Milton of 1962. They are all in the record. I do, however, wish to stress the fact that the qualities of friendliness, co-operation, and pioneering portrayed by these ghosts of the past continue in the living Milton of today. We hope that you have enjoyed the celebration and that you always will, as we do, take pride in our Town of Milton.

1904579

Note on the Maps

The following maps attempt to present a graphic picture of the town from 1662 until 1857. I have shown on each map all the roads that appear from the records to have existed at the approximate date chosen, and all the houses that I can locate with what I believe is a reasonable degree of accuracy. In most cases I have assumed that a house once built continued to exist and thus the houses of one map are shown on the succeeding one. As an important new road first appears I have noted against it the name by which it, or that road of which it today constitutes a part, is now known. In order to prevent cluttering up the maps with too many names I have not repeated these street names after their first appearance. The three maps previous to that of 1831 are reconstructions, and as such represent my best judgment, assisted by all available data. They cannot, however, be considered as entirely correct, although I do believe that they give a good general idea of the state of the town at the various periods selected. The last two maps are reproductions of actual contemporary maps with a few minor additions.

E.P.H.



MILTON

About 1662

Pop. Est. 200–250

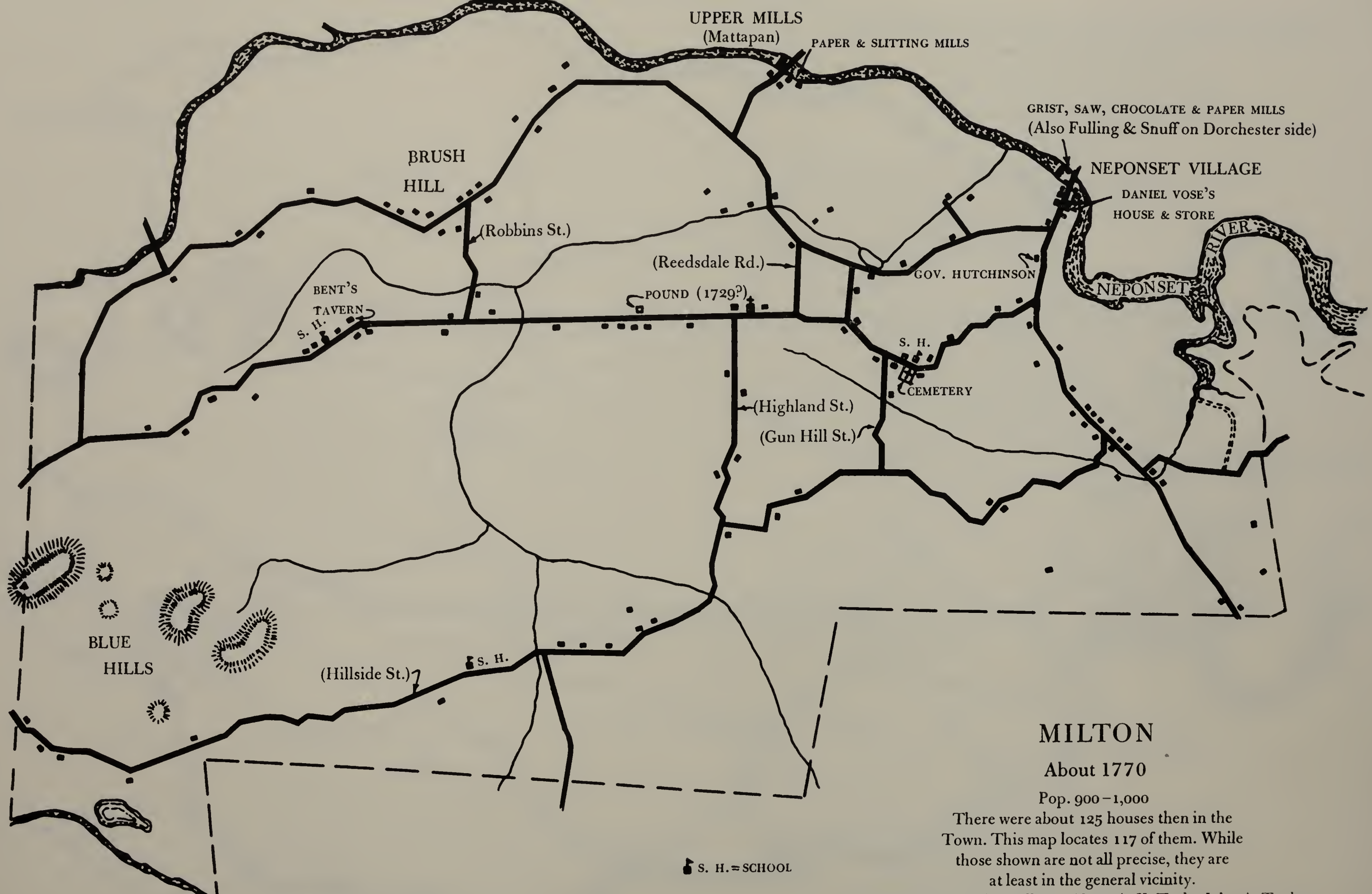
There were about 40 houses then in the Town. This map locates 32 of them. While those shown are not all precise, they are at least in the general vicinity.

Sources: Ellen F. Vose, A. K. Teele, John A. Tucker, Milton Records

MILTON

About 1700

Pop. Est. 350–400
There were about 64 houses then in the Town. This map locates 51 of them. While those shown are not all precise, they are at least in the general vicinity.
Sources: 1700 Tax List, Ellen F. Vose, A. K. Teele, John A. Tucker



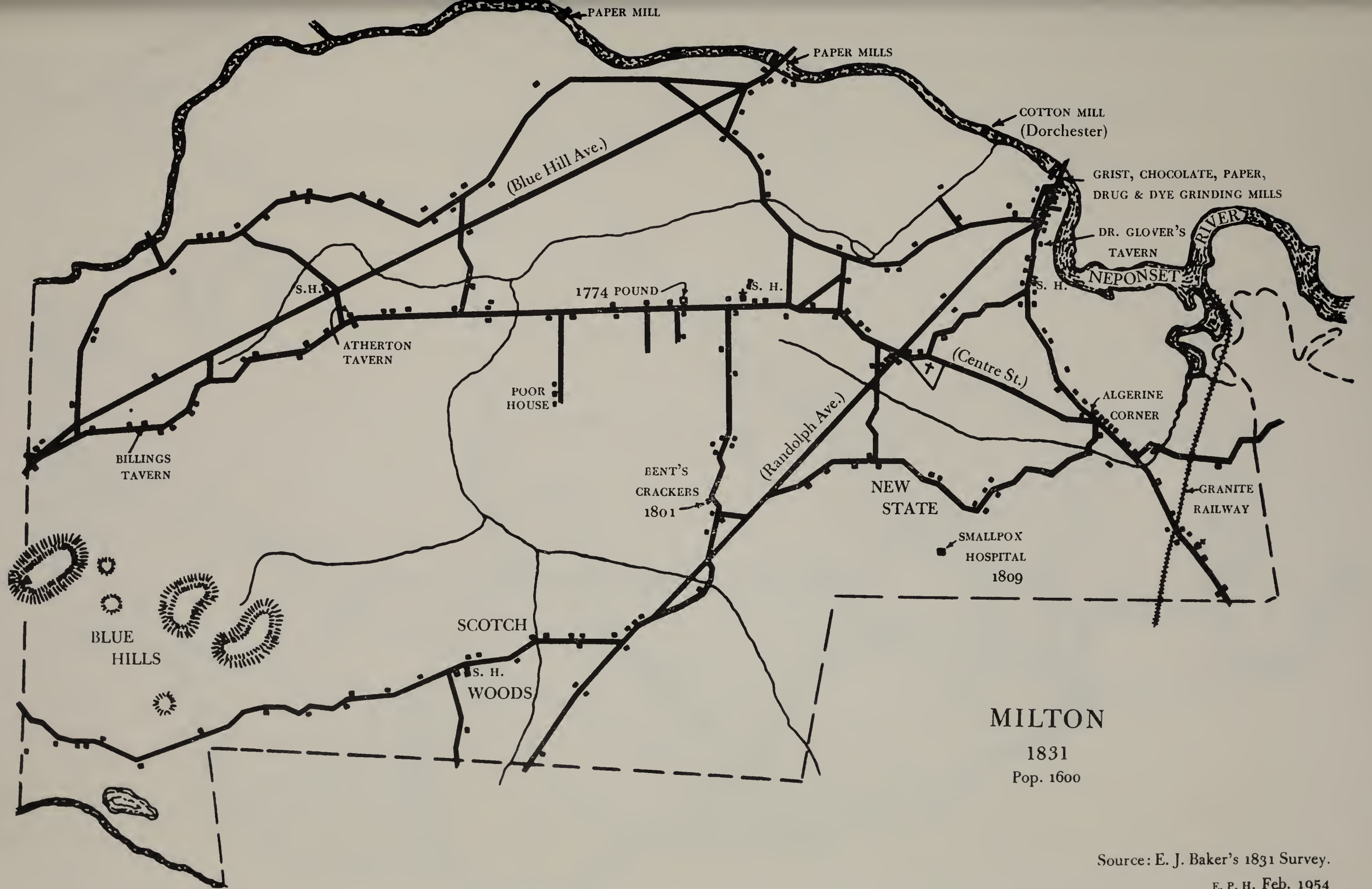
MILTON

About 1770

Pop. 900 – 1,000

There were about 125 houses then in the Town. This map locates 117 of them. While those shown are not all precise, they are at least in the general vicinity.

Sources: E. J. Baker, Ellen F. Vose, A. K. Teele, John A. Tucker.



Source: E. J. Baker's 1831 Survey.

E. P. H. Feb. 1954

FAIRMOUNT
Ceded to Hyde Park
1868

(Blue Hills Parkway)

NEPONSET RIVER

(Granite Ave.)

TOWN FARM

(Hartland St.)

BLUE HILLS

MILTON

1857

Pop. approx. 2660

Source: Mss. Map, No name of maker.

E. P. H. Nov. 1955